MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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A STONE MASON WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

We wonder how many of our young people have read a book called "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is, we fear, less known by this generation than by the previous one, but those who have not read it have missed one of the greatest treats that the world of books has in store for them.

Hugh Miller, who in it tells the story of his life, was born in the town of Cromarty, on the north-east coast of Scotland, in October, 1802. For many generations back his family had been sea-faring men, and though he was only five years old when his father was lost at sea, he had the clearest remembrance of the joy in the house over the father's home comings and early learned to distinguish his vessel when she was yet far from land. After his father's death he was brought up under the care of his mother's two uncles, and few boys have the privelege of being under the care of two such men. Young Miller did not take kindly to school, he was too fond of the open air, and the restraint was very irksome to him. The windows of the schoolhouse commanded a fine view of the Bay of Cromarty and not a vessel could enter or leave the harbor without his knowledge. He was intimately acquainted with every one of them, even to the smallest detail of their rigging, and much of his study time was spent in drawing them on his slate. When very young he revelled in such books as "Sinbad the Sailor," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and, later on, "Pilgrim's Progress," Cook's and Anson's Voyages, and "Blind Harry the Rhymer's History of Wallace." The latter was especially his delight, rousing all his Scotch patriotism, which was further stimulated by the inexhaustible fund of stories dealt out to him from time to time by his "Uncle James." The tastes of his "Uncle Sandy" ran in another direction. Natural history was his hobby and young Hugh being much with him soon learned to be as fond of it as he. "Together they explored caves, roamed the beach for crabs and lobsters, whose habits Uncle Sandy could well describe; he also knew all about moths, and butterflies, spiders and bees,—in short was a born natural-history man, so that the boy regarded him in the light of a professor, and, doubtless, thus early obtained from him the bias toward his future studies." Up and down the beach the boy would wander with a big hammer belonging to his great grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, chipping away at stones which attracted his attention, unheeding the taunts of the passers-by who asked him if he was "gettin' siller in the stanes," and returning home laden with bits of mica, porphyry, garnet, etc., would exhibit with delight his treasures to his uncle, and learn from him all that the latter could teach him about them.

In this way was his boyhood spent, and it must have been somewhat of a shock to him to wake up when nearly seventeen years old to find that he was a boy no longer, but that he must begin to prepare for his man's place in the world, and to work for his own living. His uncles were very anxious that he should be a minister, but he felt that that was not the work for which God had fitted him. Passionately fond of writing and study he looked about for some occupation which, while supplying him with food and clothing, would still leave him leisure to pursue them. He noticed that the winter frosts prevented stone masons from working during several months of the year, and looking forward to having all this leisure to devote to his studies, a stone mason he decided to be.

The change in his life was a great one. His boyhood "had been happy beyond the common lot." "I had been a wanderer," he says, "among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil."

But did he look upon this as a misfortune? Telling long years afterwards of that first day's work he said, "To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual.....I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen." And how about the results of this labor?

Looking back over twenty years to this his beginning of a life of toil he says "My advice to young working-men, desirous of bettering their circumstances, and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is a very simple one. Keep your consciences clear, your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity to cultivate your minds..... Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all; there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every sceptic that ever wrote; and we would be all miserable creatures without it. .....There is none of the intellectual and none of the moral faculties, the exercise of which does not lead to enjoyment, nay, it is chiefly in the active employment of these that all enjoyment consists; and hence it is that happiness bears so little reference to station."

He was none the less a good stone mason because his leisure hours were spent exploring the woods or the rocks on the seashore. He closely followed the example of his uncle David who "made conscience of every stone he laid" and of whom it was well known that no wall built by him ever bulged or fell. An advice of his uncle James which he also followed was, "give your neighbor the cast of the bauk—'good measure heaped up and, running over,' and you will not lose by it in the end."

If ever a man "learned to make a right use of his eyes" Hugh Miller did. His first day in the quarry, which many lads would have bemoaned as the beginning of a long life of hardship, was to him a veritable opening of Wonderland. He noted with keen delight, the situation of the quarry; the thick fir wood on the one side, the little clear stream running by on the other, and in front the noble bay which had been his playground all his life. He examined the high bank of clay which rose above the quarry where he was working, took the keenest interest in the preparation of the blast when wedge and lever failed, and although his hands were blistered and sore with the unaccustomed use of the shovel, examined with interest and pity the beauties of a goldfinch and a woodpecker, which having taken shelter in the cliff above had been killed by the explosion, and fallen with a huge mass of clay almost at his feet. When the mass of rock they had been working at was raised he saw that the bed on which it had rested was "ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before," and knew from this that though now far above high water mark, the rock on which he was standing had in ages gone by, far beyond the reckoning of man,

(Continued on eighth page.)

AUBERT GALLION QUE
1885

Temperance Department.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER II.—FERMENTATION.

What is fermentation? When moist animal or vegetable matters are exposed to warm air, certain changes which take place alter their nature; these changes are produced by a process called fermentation

When sugar is turning to alcohol and carbonic acid, the latter escapes in little bubbles, giving the entire liquid the appearance of boiling. We call this process, and others much like it, fermentation, from a Latin word which means to boil.

There are several kinds of fermentation. In these lessons we shall learn about only two of them.

I. *Vinous Fermentation*—the change of sugar to alcohol.

II. *Acetous Fermentation*—the change of alcohol and other substances to vinegar.

VINOUS FERMENTATION.

BACTERIA AND YEAST.

If you should look at a drop of stagnant water under a strong microscope, you would be quite likely to find it full of small living things, so tiny that you could not see them at all with the naked eye; these minute animal and vegetable forms are alive, and often in rapid motion.

In the air, also, are many living forms, too small to be seen by the naked eye, called bacteria.

There are particles coming from them much smaller than the full-grown bacteria, which will become bacteria by growth. These are called spores, and are floating almost every-where in the air, and, from their extreme smallness, can get into places where the bacteria might not be able to come.

They have been carefully studied with the help of the microscope, and we know that, instead, of the air, it is these bacteria or their spores in the air, which produce fermentation in certain liquids.

The juices of the grape, apple, and many other fruits, will, if placed under the right conditions, ferment by the action of these living forms.

In order to ferment some other liquids and thus obtain intoxicating drinks, yeast* must be added. In this way some people brew home-made beer—by steeping various roots, barks, and herbs in water, and adding yeast and sugar enough to cause fermentation. The alcohol that is formed by the change on the sugar, makes the beer a dangerous drink.

When a liquid is fermenting, the little bubbles of carbonic acid carry a froth to the top, which can be used as yeast to act on other liquids. At the bottom lie the "settlings," a half-solid mass, sometimes called the lees. Between the froth and the lees is a thin, intoxicating liquid, which people drink under different names, as wine, cider, beer, etc.

Dry sugar will not ferment, nor will alcohol be formed in liquids which have an excess of sugar. The united action of sugar, water, heat, and of the bacteria or spores in the air, or of yeast—each in the right proportion—are always required to produce alcohol.

ALCOHOL FROM GRAINS.

Starch forms a large part of rye, corn, barley, and other grains. If these are kept moist and warm—as when planted in the earth in spring or summer,—their starch turns to sugar, when the grain, which is a seed, begins to grow. Chew a grain of sprouted corn or barley, and you will find it sweet.

Barley is kept moist with water until it sprouts, or throws out little roots. During this process, most of the starch that is in the barley changes to sugar. Heat is then applied, strong enough to dry out all the moisture of the barley and kill the young roots.

Grain thus treated is called malt, and from this malt, pale ales and beers are made.

Heating to a higher temperature, so as slightly to burn the sprouted grain, makes dark malt, from which porter and stout—dark colored drinks—are manufactured.

If the sugar thus formed in barley is dissolved out of the grain with water, and yeast is added, and the whole exposed to warm air, another change takes place,—the sugar which was once starch, becomes alcohol, and carbonic acid. By this process, a good food has been changed to a poison; for the barley has become an intoxicating drink—ale, beer, or porter.

ALCOHOL AND BREAD.

We must not conclude that fermentation is never a good thing. If it is stopped at just the right point, and the alcohol all driven off by heat, it improves some kinds of food.

Crushed grain, or flour, is a valuable food; but, in this form, is not pleasant to eat. Yeast added to warm, moistened flour causes fermentation. A little of the starch in the flour turns to sugar, and then to alcohol and carbonic acid gas. This gas, in a thin liquid, would pass off into the air. But it is imprisoned by the sticky dough, and puffs it up with little cells in its efforts to escape, thus making the otherwise solid mass, light and spongy.

The very small quantity of alcohol which was formed, evaporates, and the gas escapes when the dough is placed in the strong heat of the oven, and a light, sweet loaf of bread is left, that is better food than the flour.

Alcohol turns to vapor with less heat than water. In bread baked enough to be food fit for the human stomach, there is no alcohol. It has been turned to vapor by the heat of the oven, and has passed off into the air.

People who are ignorant of the truths you are learning in these lessons, have supposed that because fermented dough makes good bread to eat, therefore fermented barley-juice must make good beer to drink. But you know the alcohol stays in the beer and not in the bread, and that simple fact makes the difference, in this case, between a food and a poison.

AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL IN FERMENTED LIQUORS.

In one hundred parts of the fermented juice of apples, or cider, there are from two to ten parts of alcohol. In one hundred parts of beer—the fermented juice of barley—there are from three to ten parts of alcohol.

In one hundred parts of the fermented juice of grapes and other kinds of fruits, or wines, there are some six to twenty-five parts of alcohol.

It is estimated (in 1880) that twenty-two and three-quarter million gallons of alcohol are consumed every year by the people of this country, in beer alone.

This makes nearly one-half gallon of pure alcohol used by every man, woman, and child of our 50,000,000—if all were foolish enough to drink it.

As very many people drink no beer at all, some of the beer-drinkers must get more than this one-half gallon of poison during each year. Further study will show you the consequences of the use of this great quantity of alcohol.

HEAT AND FERMENTED LIQUORS.

If you were to place fermented liquors of any kind in an open kettle over strong heat, their charm for the wine, cider, or beer-lover, would soon be gone. It is for the sake of the alcohol they contain, that people are fond of these drinks, and this passes away in the form of vapor from the boiling liquid; the liquid which is left, has an insipid taste and no one would care to drink it.

ALCOHOL IN NATURE.

It is a mistake to suppose that because grapes, apples, and barley, are healthful foods, that wine, cider, and beer, made from them, must also be healthful.

It is important to remember that fermentation entirely changes the character of the substance it works upon. Nature rots her various plant forms; but while the juice remains protected from the air by the skin or husk of the unbroken grain, plant, or fruit, its sugar will not ferment—therefore, alcohol is never found in them.

* Yeast is really a plant, and it is the growth of the yeast plant which causes fermentation in these liquids.

ACETOUS FERMENTATION

ALCOHOL AND VINEGAR.

All vegetable substances come from earth, air, and water, and return to them again.

Through the process of fermentation, vegetable liquids go back to earth, air, and water. After the alcohol is formed, if it remains in the vegetable juice, exposed to moderately warm air, the second kind, or acetous fermentation, takes place, changing the alcohol to a sharp acid called acetic acid, commonly known as vinegar.

When the cook has not baked the bread at just the right time—that is, has not stopped the fermentation before the alcohol began to turn to vinegar in the dough, we say, "the bread is sour." This acetic acid does not pass off in the heat of the oven as alcohol does, but leaves its sour taste in the bread.

Vinous fermentation, producing alcohol, cannot take place in jellies and preserves, because they contain an excess of sugar. When they begin to "work"—as they may, if kept in moderately warm air—acetic acid, or vinegar, is produced in them by acetous fermentation; the acid is not made from alcohol in this case, but is the result of other changes in the fruit juices. "Scalding" makes them sweet again, by driving off this acetic acid, which can escape from a thin liquid, but not from a dough.

This acid is as different from alcohol, as alcohol is from sugar. It is used for food. Vinegar is made in this way from hard cider and other fermented liquors, and will change in its turn, if left in the same conditions that produced it, and lose its acid taste; its water all evaporating, nothing will remain but a brown powder.

The earth, air, and water have claimed again the matter only loaned to make the fruit, plant, or grain.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What is fermentation?
2. Define vinous fermentation. What are bacteria?—spores?
3. What four things are needed to produce alcohol.
4. How is malt made? What liquors are made from it?
5. Define acetous fermentation. When does it take place?
6. What causes sour bread?—the "working" of jellies?
7. How may vinegar be changed to earth, air, and water?

(To be Continued.)

LITTLE MRS. FAY'S DOCTOR.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

Little Moll Fay and Tom Gates were firm friends. As Moll was two years older than Tom they might not have played so much together if the other children in the neighborhood had not been very rough and ill-mannered. Moll was very gentle though determined, and Tom was "old-fashioned," his mother said. They had few playthings, and so "made believe" a great deal when they were together. One day Moll's old wooden doll had a fearful attack, which she described in detail to Tom, the family doctor, as "something little like the colic, but much more like the leprosy."

Tom said it was "regular worst kind of leprosy; for that was very prevalent." And he went on in a way very wise for him, but one that would have proved an older doctor fit for a lunatic asylum.

Moll received it all as wisdom, and, with a comical pucker of distress on her sweet face, she asked if the "leprosy was often chronic."

Tom said: "Very seldom, unless it runs into fits; but Maria Jane appears to me to look fitty. You had better send right away to Wilkins' 'pothecary-shop, Mrs. Fay, and buy three pints of whiskey or rum. I will mix Maria up some excellent bitters, and you must give a gill of them to the poor child every ten minutes, until the fitty look passes off; then she may not die before daylight. If you don't hurry about it we must give Maria up."

Tom talked through his nose in a peculiarly solemn way, but little Mrs. Fay replied very briskly:

"Oh! no, Tom—I mean Doctor Gates—I won't do any such a thing. I can't let Maria have any sort of fits that need bitters, and I don't employ any whiskey doctor for my family."

"Why, Maria's system requires bitters!" gasped the doctor, quite surprised.

"Then Maria's system sha'n't have it, for her ma don't approve of it. Do you think I can go hunting all around saloons very late nights for Maria as poor Mrs. W[illcox]

Tom looked so puzzled at t[he] from Moll that she began

"Mother says that dreadful dru[nk] Bill Wilcox, was once a sober, goo[d] but something ailed his stomach, and a d[oc]tor told him he would feel better if he took a little brandy every day. He began, and he kept right on until he lost all his work and his pretty house. Now he beats his children, and they never have enough to eat—all because that doctor started him drinking. Mother says he could have got along without brandy; and even if nothing but that would have cured him, Tom, if he had been your father, would you not rather have lost him when he was good? Now he is a wicked, horrible man No, Maria has got to have cinnamon-tea or castor-oil."

"Well, Mrs. Fay, now you speak of it, I have seen castor-oil well rubbed in cure awful cases of leprosy, and Maria doesn't look as fitty as she did a while ago," said the doctor.

But "Mrs. Fay" was not a very faithful nurse, for she coolly tumbled her poor daughter behind a waterpail and left her to her agonies while she told Tom about "pretty little Mary Wilcox."

"She never had a present last Christmas, Tom; no, and not one of them had anything fit to eat until mother found it out and gave them plenty for that time."

Tom heard it with a grave face, and, when she ended, said: "I mean to be a really and truly doctor some day, but I won't tell anybody to drink whiskey. You'd better pick up Maria and see if she is dead."

Maria was as much alive as she ever had been, so they proposed a new play.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

We know a commercial traveller who was taken dangerously ill in Glasgow, when far away from his home. When the medical man saw him, he said—

"You must have some brandy."

"No," he answered; "I have studied the nature of brandy, and I will not take it."

The medical man protested that it would save his life.

"I will not take it," replied the patient.

The ladies in the hotel were told of this, and two of them went into his room and implored him, for the sake of his wife and family, to imbibe the brandy.

"No," he replied; "I believe that brandy is of no use as a medicine, and I will not take it."

The medical attendants then proposed to call in an eminent physician, and have his advice. To this the traveller at once assented, and expressed his readiness to pay the consultation fee.

The great man, white-haired and venerable, came to the bedside of the invalid and carefully examined him. In quiet tones he then said—

"You are in great pain. Yes, in great pain, my friend. They tell me you will not take brandy." You are quite right. You need no brandy. Nor was any stimulant given him. Quiet, rest, warmth, wholesome food, and some gentle medicine cured him of the pain and sickness, and he has done many a good day's work since. Had he taken the brandy everybody would have said that it, and it alone, had cured him. But he recovered without it.—*Rev. George W. McCree, in Union Signal.*

A FATHER ROBBING HIS DAUGHTER.—"I never knew a liquor-seller's money to stay in his family a generation, however much the man may have made by his trade. I once knew a publican who had a large fortune, made through selling whiskey. He became a confirmed drunkard, and his fortune soon vanished, and he was glad to get an allowance of a pound a week from his friends. He had one daughter, an invalid, who, through the kindness of some friends, was living at the coast, and was supported by some Christian ladies. After it came to her father's knowledge that she received money from these ladies, his visits were very frequent. He would go over to her bedside, on pretence of speaking to her, and put his hand under her pillow where he knew the money was kept, and always succeeded in carrying her little store away with him. When drink gets the mastery over any one, it makes its slave regardless of doing any dishonorable and heartless act."—*English Paper.*

[THE] HOUSEHOLD.

[IN] THE MOTHER'S CHAIR.

"[Oh,] go away! you're more bother than [you] 're worth."

Mrs. Baker spoke as she was apt to, thoughtlessly, little thinking what a dagger she had sent to the heart of her seven years old boy. She had called him in from his play, to assist her in winding some yarn, he had come willingly, even gladly, but, getting tired, and as the skein seemed to him endless, he became careless, and, before he knew it, the yarn had fallen from his hands in a tangle. His mother, nervous and in a hurry, as she always was, dismissed him with the above harsh words. With her mind upon the tangle, she did not notice the quivering lip, or the sad look that came over her boy's face, as he turned and walked out doors, but could that well-meaning mother have looked into her boy's heart, would she not have shuddered at the effect of those terrible words?

Poor Freddie! he could not play, but he hurried around to the backyard, threw himself upon the grass, and thought it all over, "More bother than I'm worth; more bother than I'm worth! Now I wonder if I am. I try to help mother all I can, I rock the baby, I go to the post office, she sends me after meat and milk, and I pick up lots of chips, and tease her most every day to let me wipe the dishes, and when I do all she wants me to, she never tells me that I have been a good boy, or that I have done well, but if I am naughty or make a mistake as I did with the yarn, she is sure to tell me of that. Oh dear! there is no use in trying." And poor Freddie ended his sad thoughts with a cry.

Now, dear sisters, are we not more apt to speak of the mistakes, than we are to praise the good in our little ones? There is an apology for the half sick and overworked mothers, and it is not strange that they are often cross and impatient, while if they would only try to appreciate the many, little favors they receive from their children, and not be afraid to tell them so, but be willing to give them all the credit that is due them, how much better it would be for all.

We must not think our duty done when our children are fed and clothed, no matter how carefully and daintily it may be done, their young hearts long for a mother's sympathy and tender love. We ought to be as anxious to notice and develop the good in the hearts of our little ones as to exterminate the evil. But first of all we must put our own "house in order." Regulate our own heart. Repress anger, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion—let only affection reign in our heart, and thoughts of our child's good fill our mind. For in reality these little ones are not ours they are our Father's. He has lent them to us for a season, we are only stewards in the service of our Master. How important, then, that we should be very careful in the training of these dear ones, knowing that we are doing work for eternity. We must pray for His guidance, that we may be enabled to lead those precious treasures to Him, and be rewarded for care and tenderness by hearing the Spirit whispers of well done.—*The Household.*

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

It was a little amusing to see in the new magazine, *Babyhood*, under the head of Nursery Pastimes, rules for that very old source of amusement for little ones—cutting paper dolls: "An oblong piece of stiff paper—thick wrapping paper will do very well—should be folded over and over until it has about ten thicknesses. The size of the paper may be abut 4 x 20 inches, and it should be folded in spaces of two inches. Then double it and cut out the figure of a boy, being careful not to sever the connection of the hands. Unfold and a row of little boys with clasped hands will greet the delighted eyes around you. Join in a circle and the little group will stand firmly on chair, table or floor. Now repeat the same process, cutting out the figure of a little girl this time. 'More, more,' the little insatiable voices will cry." The writer suggests that chairs, tables, sofas, and even beds for little paper dollies to sit on and lie in may be cut out with little sheets, pillows and spreads of white paper. "Use a lead pencil to add eyes, nose, and mouth to the dolls, and to make patterns on the dresses." All this the writer has done and more. Unnumbered plates and dishes, boxes and boats, sugar bowls with four compartments, and other articles as attractive to the little ones have been made again and again. On a wet day, when the little ones cannot go out to play, these paper toys will afford hours of entertainment. And since some of the children have been old enough to do a little cutting, they amuse themselves and their juniors in this way. Use a round-pointed pair of scissors, as children are apt to be careless with scissors and sharp-pointed ones are very dangerous. The round points will cut paper almost as well as the sharper points, and safety is a most important consideration.—*N. Y. Observer.*

DON'T TRY.

A sister asks that some "able housekeeper" tell her how to be always "cleared up neat," etc., yet never tired. If there is among the seventy thousand housewives who read her letter, one who does all her work and cares for her little ones, yet always is cleared up neat and tidy, let's hear from her. In my humble opinion it can't be done. Not even if she hires her washing done, and has occasionally the help of a sewing woman.

Children require a great deal of care. By care I mean all the thought and labor occasioned by their existence. It will be a happy day for the world when the rearing of children is looked upon as a science, requiring special preparation and special provisions. But so long as one woman tries to do the work of three, just so long must there be confusion and neglect. Nothing is easier, it is said, than to get a new wife. So, dear sister, when you are wearing yourself out, consider what follows. I believe the reform here must be brought about by women. There is sound sense in Helen Herbert's "Man's Way and Woman's Way." God plans wisely when he gives some women time to think. We need their thoughts; but we need most of all to think for ourselves. We bear out too nearly the accepted idea that we are unreasoning creatures. Every woman who takes upon herself the name of wife and mother is under obligation to live. Husband needs her, children need her. Therefore sacrifice accomplishments, fancy work, art, society, reputation as a housekeeper, but health never. Ah, dear sister, let your house be in disorder so long as nothing unwholesome is in it. Look upon bare walls and dearth of beautifying articles, do with fewer clothes and less trimmings, put away unnecessary ceremony, and enjoy life as only they whose wants are few can enjoy it; simply, healthfully, holily.—*Household.*

RULES FOR WINTER.

The following rules, published in *Farm and Fireside*, are worth heeding by those who believe that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered, also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment, it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

THE KITCHEN.

Last in the thoughts of many, the kitchen should come first in the thoughts of all who wish to keep house successfully. Far from being an unimportant factor in the comfort of the family, it plays a part really superior to the parlor. Yet how much is lavishly spent to make that room beautiful and attractive in houses where the kitchen is damp, dark, small, and insufficiently supplied with conveniences for doing the housework.

See to it, friends, that the kitchen utensils are whole, in good order and handy to use. If you cannot have the new chair, the dainty vase, the longed-for rug for the drawing-room, have at least enough spiders, saucepans, pots and gridirons for the easy preparation of the meals. Let the kitchen be well-lighted and cheerful, with a painted floor if possible, or a bright thick oilcloth. Have one strong, large table, and a couple of smaller ones, with chairs that are comfortable as well as serviceable. I believe in making the kitchen an inviting place, and in keeping its appliances up to the times, just as a farmer insists on having the latest labor saving contrivances in his fields and barns.

Far too many women spend their energies wastefully in "making things do," after the things in question are worn out and fit for the junk-shop. This is mistaken economy. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

ABOUT TEETH.—Whatever toilet care may be at times neglected, it should never be that pertaining to the teeth. They must have careful and frequent attention. It is well to have the teeth examined by a dentist, but this will be of little use if in the meantime they are neglected by their owner. They should be brushed, or at least rinsed, after each meal. If this seems too much trouble, brush them in the morning and at night before going to bed. If they are brushed but once a day, it should be at night, so that no particles of food may remain in the teeth during sleep to ferment and hasten decay. A medium sized brush is best. It should not be too stiff, nor yet too pliable. Brush up and down as well as across the teeth, inside as well as out. It is well to have a little hand glass, such as dentists use, and examine the teeth occasionally. Any spot or break in a tooth should receive immediate attention. Metal toothpicks and pins should never be allowed to touch the teeth. Use a quill. A white silk thread should occasionally be drawn between them. It will remove offending matter, and aid in detecting any roughness caused by incipient decay. Never scour the teeth with charcoal. It breaks the enamel, injures the gums, and is a fruitful cause of tartar.—*Household.*

MUTTON STEW.—Two pounds of mutton from the neck or loin, two pounds of potatoes, peeled and cut in halves, half a pound of onions, peeled and sliced. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of the stew-pan; then some of the mutton and onions; then another layer of potatoes, and mutton, and onions, and repeat this until the mutton and vegetables are used. Add one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, a small teaspoonful of white pepper, three gills of broth, or gravy, and two teaspoonfuls of mushroom catsup. Cover the stew-pan very closely, so as to prevent the steam from escaping, and stew for an hour and a half on a very slow fire. A small slice of ham is a great addition. Great care must be taken to prevent burning. The hour and a half must be reckoned from the time the stewing begins.

ENGLISH APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Peel, core, and slice fifteen good-sized apples, and put them over the fire in a saucepan, with half a pound of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a little ground cinnamon. When quite soft and puffy, push them through a colander, or sieve. Cut the crust of a stale loaf of bread into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Fit them, as well as possible, to a mold, or large bowl, dip each piece in melted butter, and lay into the mold. Pour the apple into the centre, covering it with buttered bread, and put the charlotte into the oven till the bread is well colored. Turn the contents out of the mold, glaze the bread with any kind of jelly, and serve hot. Every part of the mold must be well covered with buttered bread, or the charlotte will not turn out well.

PUZZLES.

ANAGRAMS.

Into my arm,
Red nuts and gin,
Cart horse,
New door.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Mountains, lakes, towns, etc., of New England.

An animal island; an animal lake; a buried city; useful for table service; a cathedral city; ready for a ride; an important part of a picnic; a gentleman of fine manners; part of an animal; a lively head; a kind of grass; a remarkably intelligent tree; an important public building in London; a famous novel; running water requested to speak; a place that is supposed to be at the other end of the world; useful but not agreeable salt; agreement; a mount of dried grass; a good kind of carpet; a noble man; a day of English racing; a field quite homely; belonging to no one, excepting, it may be, to a woman; a city evidently much interested in the tariff; famous for cutlery; a fruit; a queen's palace; a meadow of considerable extent; lakes of a bird; a river with no life in it; a field without any Winter; an excellent kind of apple; a famous castle in England; the field of an artisan; a pretty hard head; a good place to go for decorations at Christmas time.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. Tax. 2. Old. 3. To guard. 4. A current.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a voracious sea fish, and leave a word denoting attention.

2. Behead it again, and leave the repository of the covenant of God with the Jews.

3. Behead an inhabitant of the ocean, and leave anything that is healthy. Behead again, and leave a kind of liquor.

4. Behead one of the esculent grains, and leave concreted sugar.

5. Behead a buffoon, and leave an indefinite quantity.

6. Behead a testament, and leave wickedness.

7. Behead the pope, and leave a kind of monkey.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

CHARADE.—Chandelier (Shandy Lear.)

CONUNDRUM.—Each requires a staff.

ANAGRAMS.—Breath.
Wealth.
Surly Joe.
Revolution.

A VERY HEARTY BREAKFAST, IN TWENTY-ONE COVERED DISHES.—1, Tea; 2, coffee; 3, cream; 4, sugar; 5, hash; 6, toast; 7, quail; 8, oatmeal; 9, rolls; 10, fish; 11, bread; 12, pork; 13 beef; 14, egg; 15 liver; 16 butter; 17, potato; 18, melon; 19, pickle; 20, pie; 21, honey.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Benjamin Bamford, Eusebe Corneau, Willie D. Jamieson, Leroy Hicks, Lillian Gerow and John Hunter.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—To correct children for trifling offences continually, at home or in school, has a bad effect. It is confusing to the child and does not tend to develop or to cultivate the moral sense. It tends to make distinctions between right and wrong which do not exist, and for this very reason weakens real ones. It is surprising to see how early children begin to look into the hidden things of metaphysics. "Is it really wrong, mamma," a little boy said the other day, "or only against the law?" The astonished mother questioned the child, and found that some one had told him stories of the fugitive slaves, and of the laws of their time, and he had, with the passion for generalizing which many children have, applied his knowledge to the circumstances and events occurring around him. To be perfectly honest with children, and at the same time to cultivate a power to pass by their small transgressions, which are often committed without premeditation, is sometimes well for parent and teacher. It is only necessary to think ourselves back to childhood to understand how different the child's point of view is from that of an older person, and to do this occasionally would be helpful to most parents.—*Exchange.*

SIMPLE BREAD PUDDING.—Pour a quart of hot milk upon a pint of nice bread crumbs that have been placed in a buttered dish, add two eggs, flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, put in a few raisins and bake it twenty minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued.*

Skilful fingers soon had the foot more comfortable than it had been since the accident. Wells submitted to the new helper meekly, though he made a wry face at Christie behind the piece of handkerchief that was left from the bandage.

"I don't know about liking that man," he said to Christie when the foot was nicely done up and resting on the cushions of the turned seat. "He might have walked up before and helped you with that baby. He must have seen that it was a tug for you."

IT IS SARAH ANN!"

"Men don't know about babies," Christie answered gravely, "but I am glad that he knows about bandages. How nicely he did that! It looks just as though a doctor had been here, Well, he is a doctor."

"The mischief, he is! Then I ought to have offered to pay him."

"Oh, no!" said Christie, distressed, "I don't believe he would have liked that. He did it for kindness, not for pay. He is very pleasant, but just as sad! He gives very long sighs, right in the midst of his talk. I am sorry for him; sorrier than before he helped us."

"Why?"

"Because I am afraid he doesn't believe in God. He is not one of God's people, I'm most sure: because they never talk in that way, and it makes things a great deal harder to bear."

"Talk in what way? How do you tell people of that kind?"

"Why, he almost found fault with God! Talked as though he did not believe that God would do the best for everybody. And you know his children never say such things."

"Don't they? I'm sure I did not know it. I guess I am not acquainted with many of them. I'll tell you what it is, Christie, I have a brother whom I would like to have you make understand things if you could. He is sick and lame, and will never be any better; and he got so by helping somebody else: doing his duty, you know. It would be hard work for you to make him believe that things are just right in this world. He thinks it is awful that he doesn't get well. And I must say it seems most too bad. He was a splendid scholar, you see, led his class in college and was going to make a great man, people thought; now it is all spoiled, and he suffers all the time, and will have to, as long as he lives."

"What hurt him?" asked Christie, her eyes full of sympathy and sorrow.

"Why, a house was burning, and he climbed a ladder when nobody else would, and went inside and saved a little baby: and part of the wall fell on him and hurt his back. The doctor says he will never be any better."

Christie's tears came outright now.

"I'm so sorry for him!" she said; "but if he only knew God, it would be a great deal easier to bear.

What a long, long, morning it was! The baby had his nap out, and awoke and fretted a good deal, and cried outright for his mamma, and drank some more milk, and played with the old gentleman's gold headed cane, and went over to the pale-faced young man and was entertained for a while, and cried some more, and was given a cookie, and at last fell asleep again. And there that train stood immovable. It began to be certain now, and there was serious trouble. Word came, through railway men, that the track was injured a long distance ahead, and for that reason no train could get from the city to relieve them.

To add to the dreariness, it began to rain; a fierce, driving storm, and of course the mud grew deeper every moment.

"Dear, dear!" said Christie "I hope they don't know about it at home. Mother will be so worried that she won't know what to do."

"It's most a wonder that your people let you start out," said Wells. "I suppose the morning papers gave an account of the mischief done by the rain in the night: but our folks are all away, and I, like an idiot, never looked at a paper."

Then Christie, her cheeks somewhat red, explained that they did not take a daily paper, that father couldn't quite afford it yet, and so they had known nothing about trouble on the railway.

"There is always some trouble with this road," said Wells, feeling cross. "First it is a freshet, and then a landslide, or a washout, or the engine gives out, I don't know how many times we have been detained, but never so long as this. I should like to know what we are to do for some dinner? I know I am as hungry as a wolf. I didn't eat much breakfast this morning; it was so sort of stupid to be sitting in that great dining-room all alone."

It was after twelve o'clock when this remark was made. The patience of everybody in the car was exhausted, and Christie was beginning to look anxiously at the dribble of milk left in the pitcher. What should she do if the train did not start soon, or the mother come?

"That doctor of yours will have to plunge through the mud and get us some more milk, or something," said Wells at last, trying to raise himself on his elbow to get a view of the rainy world.

"What object is that!" he said as he drew back his head. "Look, Christie, there are two of them, and they are dragging a basket between them that must be decidedly heavy. How are they ever going to get through that puddle of water? And where are they bound for, do you suppose?" Said Christie, "It is Sarah Ann!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Sure enough! there she came, ploughing through the mud which had grown much deeper since morning.

The large basket that she carried seemed to weigh her down, and she made slow progress.

"Dear, dear!" said Christie. "One of them ought to have had Josiah's boots. I don't know how they will ever manage to get through the puddles. Look, baby! If you were a man, you would go right out and try to help them, wouldn't you?"

Nobody took this hint, and the two floundered along, and climbed the high step of the car platform; then Sarah Ann set down her basket, and looked curiously in at the door.

"What do you want?" asked a brakesman who appeared just then, sticking his head out of the door.

Sarah Ann spoke up boldly:

"We want the girl with the baby, who saved Jimmy from getting burned to death; mother sent her dinner, and some things for the rest, if she's a mind to give 'em to 'em."

This was bewildering news to the brakesman. He[illegible] the girl to the wom[illegible] puzzled face. He unde[illegible] word "dinner," and the[illegible] certainly a baby on the train; [illegible] who was Jimmy, and when was he saved from burning to death?

However, Wells Burton understood, and came to the rescue:

"It is all right, brakesman, several things have happened since you went for a walk. The party to whom that dinner belongs is here, and I'm inclined to think that a good many people who feel the pangs of hunger, wish they were friends of hers."

Such fun as it was to unpack that basket!

Christie did not know before that so many things could be crowded into a basket. Bread and butter, piles of it, a soup plate piled high with slices of ham, thin, and done to a crisp, and smelling, oh, so appetizing! sheets of gingerbread, great squares of cheese, a bowl of doughnuts, another bowl of quince sauce, and a pail full of milk.

"Mother said you could give some to anybody you pleased," explained Sarah Ann, who seemed to have recovered her spirits; "she said father wouldn't grudge anything to the girl who saved Jimmy from getting hurt. My! but I was scared!" she added confidentially. "Whose baby is that? Isn't he your little brother? What makes him so good with you if he don't belong? Jimmy would yell awful if a strange girl took him. My sakes! I hope his mother will find him. Do you mean to keep him always if she doesn't, and bring him up for yours?" Wouldn't that be funny, for a little girl like you to adopt a baby! Oh, wouldn't it?"

What a tongue Sarah Ann had!

Wells was laughing immoderately, and pretending that it was a violent cough, to save Sarah Ann's feelings, and no peony was ever so brilliant as Christie's cheeks. She tried

THE OTHER GIRL PEEPING IN.

girl, for her kind- words seemed to all. However, Sarah too much interested in all she saw around her, to mind whether she was thanked or not. She next gave attention to Wells.

"Is that your brother?" and then without waiting for an answer, "why didn't he come after the milk? oh, my! a sprain is a real mean thing, sometimes. Jed Barker sprained his foot, last summer, and he had to have it cut off."

After this cheering bit of news, the girl who had had her head in the oven when Christie was there, and who had been standing at one side of the door, peeping in in an abashed way, now found voice:

"Sarah Ann, you'd ought to be ashamed! Your ma told you not to let your tongue get to running. Come out here, and let her eat her dinner, and then you can get the dishes."

"I ain't said nothing," declared Sarah Ann, looking aggrieved.

However, she turned quickly and went out to the platform.

"There's a rare specimen of a girl for you!" said Wells. "She's a genius, I should say. Does Jimmy look like her? If he does, I don't wonder that you saved his life."

"I don't think she means to do anything wrong," said Christie, hesitatingly. "It is just because she doesn't know any better. It must have been very hard work to carry this basket through the mud."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Wells, "I should say not! On the contrary she is the only one of this crowd, yourself excepted, who has done anything right since we started. Does your mother enjoy having you say, 'this crowd, when you mean half a dozen people? Mine considers it slang, and I never say it any more, except on special occasions."

"I never say it at all," answered Christie laughing.

During this time she had been engaged in unpacking the basket, and now had the contents arranged neatly on a large clean towel which she brought out of the flowered carpet sack. How nice it was that mother had wrapped the cookies first in a towel! What would she think if she knew it was doing duty as a tablecloth, and that her Christie was serving dinner for half a dozen hungry strangers!

I don't suppose that bread and butter and ham ever tasted better. The old gentleman declared that he was sure there never was any so good before, and the pale young man ate quite a large piece of bread, and smiled in gratitude; and several men, who with gloomy faces, and hands in their pockets, strayed in from the different cars, accepted Christie's offer of a ham sandwich with surprise and thanks.

"Would you offer some to the lady?" Christie asked in a whisper of Wells, glancing doubtfully in her direction.

"What! the *Seaside Library* creature? I beg that you will not misuse language so badly as to call her a lady. I should say that I wouldn't do any such thing. You would probably get refused for your pains. Such a delicate person as she never eats anything more solid than a bit of ice-cream, and a little pound cake, you may be sure."

But Christie did not laugh. Instead, she looked troubled, and after a while thoughtfully laid aside a delicate bit of ham, and a thin slice of bread and butter. Diving down into her satchel again, she brought out a piece of an old tablecloth, beautifully clean and white; the seed cakes for uncle Daniel's baby had been wrapped in it. On this white cloth she laid the bread and butter, two of the seed cakes, a delicate piece of gingerbread, and a fragment of cheese.

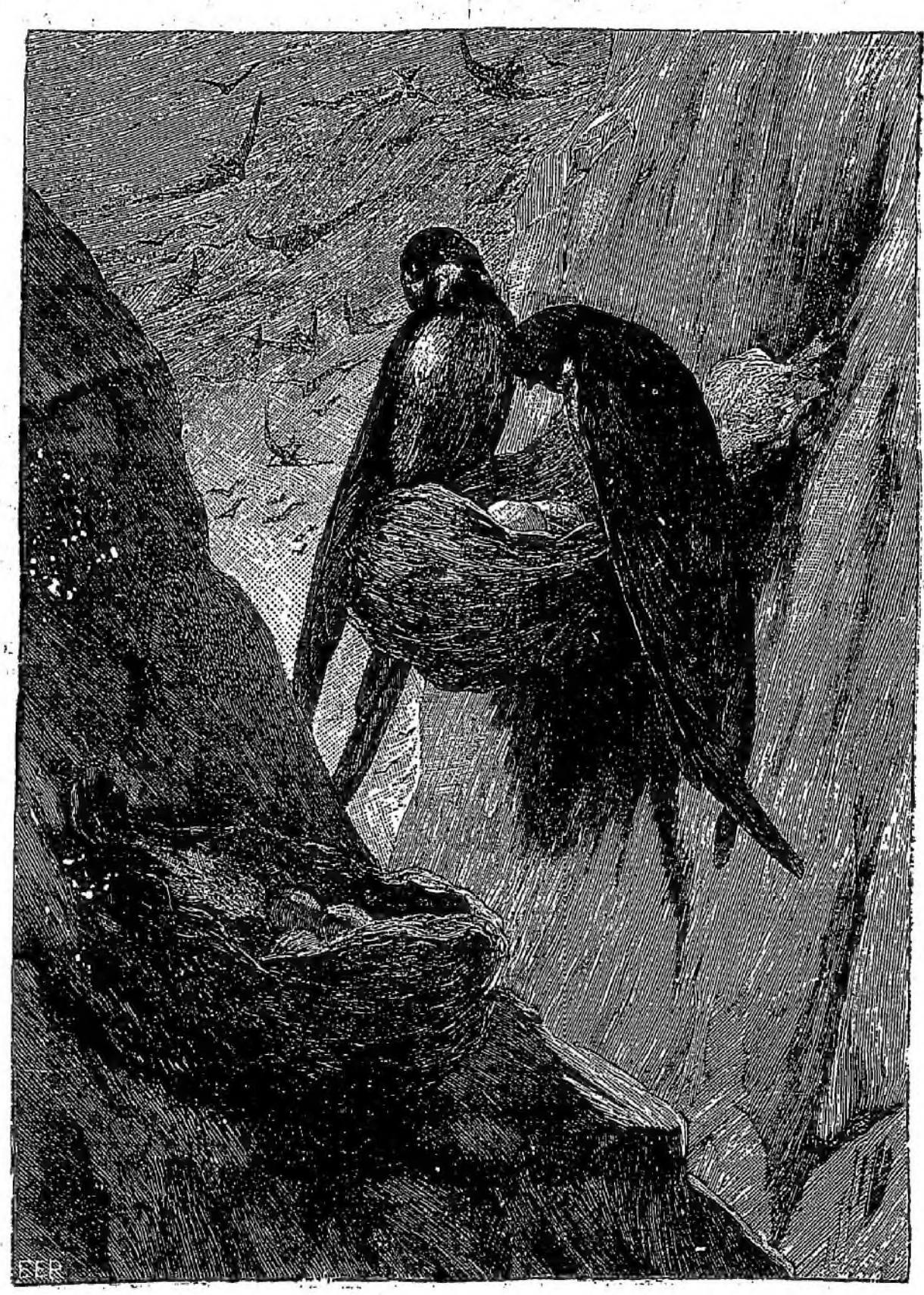
"I'm going to carry these to her," she said to Wells, inclining her head as she spoke in the direction of the lady.

"She won't take them."

"I can't help it. I shall feel ashamed of myself if I don't offer them, and I don't like to feel ashamed of myself."

"There is something in that," Wells said, laughing, yet with a look in his eyes, that said he was proud of Christie. "Go ahead; I'll keep watch and be ready to defend you, if she is inclined to bite."

(To be continued.)



CHINESE SWALLOWS.

BIRD'S NEST SOUP.

Every one has heard of the famous bird's nest soup, which is known to be such a luxury among the Chinese. We give here a very clear picture of the birds which build the nests and the nests themselves. The birds, you will see, are species of swallow. They inhabit the coast of China and neighboring countries and build their nests on the walls of the caves along the shore, sticking them against the flat wall in precisely the same way as our chimney swallows do. The nests are about the size of a goose egg and resemble isinglass. For a long time people did not know how these were built. One theory was that the bird made them from a kind of seaweed upon which it fed. But they feed upon insects just as other birds do. They have however, a set of glands corresponding to the salivary glands at the side of the mouth, and these secrete the gelatinous material used by the birds in building their nests.

The nests when brought to market are of three qualities. The new nests, in which no young ones have been reared, looking clear like pure gelatine and almost white, the second quality of a dingy, brown color and looking generally dirty, and the third those in which little ones have been reared and all stuck over with feathers and covered with filth of all sorts. The soup in which the nests are used has a gelatinous look and feeling, somewhat like diluted jelly, and is considered by the Chinese a very great dainty. Of course the best soup is made from the nests of the first quality, but we fear that in this, as in other things, the second and third qualities are not entirely ignored.

THE LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—Psa. 27: 1.

The Family Circle.

WHAT CAN I DO?

If you cannot from the platform
  Make an energetic speech,
Or from sacred desk or pulpit
  Gospel sermons ever preach;
You can visit homes where evil
  Holds an undisputed sway,
And for Christ's sake you can urge men
  From their sins to turn away.

If you have no love of singing
  And for music have no ear,
You can enter homes where sorrow
  Pain and grief are ever near;
And in tones of tender pity
  You can breaking hearts console,
Pointing to the only Saviour,
  Who can make those spirits whole.

If from meetings of Committee
  You would rather stay away,
You can ask the Lord to bless them
  At the meeting when you pray;
And when work has been arranged for
  You some humble part can take
Which will prove a thorough pleasure
  If 'tis done for Jesu's sake.

If you cannot, then, do great things
  There are small ones you can do,
And a sphere of Christian labor
  Be assured there is for you.
Get to work then, do your duty
  And your sweet reward shall be
In the voice of Jesus saying
  "Ye have done it unto me."

—*Beresford Adams in British Women's Temperance Journal.*

"I DO THIS FOR OTHERS"; OR, THE OLD MAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

Deacon Jones had been a professed disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ for forty years and more. Everybody knew Deacon Jones for ten or fifteen miles around as "the man that owned all the land that joined him," as through economy, self denial, and hard work he had been able to buy out his neighbors one after another until his possessions extended over many miles of territory.

But he was not a veritable deacon, although the neighbors gave him that title by universal consent because of his religious professions. He was not remarkably good, and by "no manner of means" could he have been called a bad man. He had many most excellent traits of character that endeared him to his family and to the rural community in which he lived. He "set a good table," the farmers said, but it knew very few of what the denizens of great cities call luxuries. "Salt meats, occasionally a little fresh meat when he killed a calf, a sheep, a swine, or ox to sell, were found upon his table. The smoking hot corn and the "mealy potatoes" were always present in their season, to say nothing of Indian bread and wheaten biscuit. "Enough for all" was his motto, and his faithful spouse was equal to the duties of her station. Rum, gin, whiskey and brandy the deacon had left out of his supplies more than twenty-five years since, but there was always present on the table or on the shelf a model pitcher filled with "good old cider" for himself, for his workmen, and his numerous callers. Everybody in that vicinity knew two things—the cider "was good" and there was always plenty of it at hand. Why not? He had an abundance of apples, a cider-mill, and wasn't it a great pity to have the apples wasted by rotting on the ground? And wasn't there an opportunity to sell what cider he had to spare? And didn't the income from his sales of cider help him to buy more land?

There had been a temperance meeting in the school-house "hard by the deacon's" on the previous evening, which the deacon had attended, not so much that he had an interest in that movement, but because the minister that spoke was of his persuasion and was therefore a guest at his house. The deacon was interested in the services. Singing hymns, prayer, and a Gospel sermon—only there wasn't any text—secured his attention and made him think. The theme was "total abstinence from alcoholic drinks the privilege of Christian people."

A privilege! Yes, a great privilege, because neither health, labor, personal nor home comfort demanded their use. And what a saving of money, and time, and health, and life even, was effected by it. It was economical. That held him.

A privilege! Yes, because it enabled one to be helpful to others in many ways, but especially in the development of virtue, morality, and religion—essential elements of a good character and a useful life.

It was a help to the young as a safe example. It would save many a youth from ruin to adopt such a course of life, and make him a blessing to the world as well as a servant of God.

It was helpful to those who had fallen victims to appetite, as it taught them a better way and invited them back to virtue. It was a Christ-like virtue to live for others.

There was a nobler position for a Christian man to occupy than to be a post against which drunkards leaned for support.

In the same room with the deacon sat poor old "Jake," besotted and ruined by drink, listening intently to these strange yet sympathetic utterances. It would be difficult to tell which of the two wondered most at what they heard.

It was urged that even in the use of cider, so common a beverage with some good men, there was danger, even ruin. Were there not cider-drunkards in every community? Was it not a privilege to arrest their steps and save them to humanity and heaven? Was it not a Christian duty as well? The deacon leaned forward to hear every word.

The pledge was offered at the close of the service, but no one took it. It was evident that a number were anxious to do so, but none had the heroism to be singular.

The thinking did not stop, though the dim lights were extinguished in that dingy school-room. Even the quiet old deacon was not composed when he had reposed in his arm-chair in the old kitchen, where for so many years he had kept secluded from the outside world.

"John, do you want to sign the pledge?" he asked of a fourteen-year-old orphan that he had given a place of shelter.

"I'd just as lief if you will," promptly responded the grateful and thoughtful boy.

After a short silence the deacon said: "Do you know what it means to sign the pledge, John?"

"It means that I cannot draw any more cider for you," said the boy, in a kind and reverent manner. "Neither will we offer it to others for their use" was the sentence in the pledge that had given the boy more trouble than the part requiring personal abstinence. Had he not been the boy whose duty it was to see that that the cider pitcher was kept full in the house and the jug full in the field? Could he keep that pledge and retain his place in the only home open to him in the wide world? Had not drink ruined and then killed his unnatural parents, and bequeathed to him a legacy of shame? Was he not a drunkard's child, without a friend in the world outside of that family? Could he sign that pledge and be turned out-doors to pillow his head on the cold ground and be a beggar and a tramp for life?

A neighbor called at this moment and interrupted this conversation, but the subject was not changed. "Two misses," he said, "had talked the matter over since the meeting, and with the consent of their parents, had concluded to sign the pledge; if the lecturer would let him take the pledge he would take it to them and bring it back in the morning."

Turning to the deacon, he said: "Old Jake says he'll take the pledge if you will." We will not take the reader's time to recount the thoughtful conversation between this old man and the minister who was his transient guest—an earnest, practical discussion of Christian effort, extending far into the night, and followed by prayer for divine guidance and strength.

Morning dawns bright and beautiful. The autumnal frosts have tinged the foliage of the surrounding forests; the chestnut burrs are beginning to open: the squirrels are beginning to gather their winter's supply of food; the chirp of the fall crickets, and the gathering of the birds at their accustomed rendezvous before their annual migration to their Southern home—all seem to impress the mind with the necessity of seizing upon the present moment to do the work of life.

The table has been spread, and the family have gathered to take their morning meal ere the workmen go out to their harvest fields. The pledge has been returned with the names of the two misses written upon it with a bold hand. The deacon adjusts his spectacles, reads over the pledge, calls for pen and ink, and boldly, yet with a tremulous hand, writes his name upon it; then, passing both pen and pledge across the table to his wife for her signature, said:

"I do this for others."

For whom should he sign it if not for others? Had he not reached forescore years? Could it be possible that in the winter of his life this cup would ruin him?

The good housewife, worn and wrinkled with many years of toil, affixed her name beneath that of her husband, and then wrote the name of the orphan boy, to which he affixed his mark, X. A young man in his employ, twenty-one years of age, himself an orphan, followed their example.

That was a happy morning to the writer. It was an attestation of the power of truth over a human heart when that truth was brought into immediate contact with it.

It was the closing up of one of Satan's strongholds in that community, for the deacon's cider and the deacon's example had been prolific of evil to the bodies and souls of men. It was the inauguration of a new movement in that community; for that young man secured the names of fourteen other young men that he found at an auction-sale that day. Can any human mind measure the results of that twenty-four hours of service in one of the most unpromising fields in our happy New England?—*National Temperance Advocate.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL.

It was about the year 1830 that a young girl, Elizabeth H——, left her home to go to the village of Great Falls, U. S., to work in a cotton mill, which had been recently erected there. She had become discontented in school, having seen her young friends who had worked in the factory come home with their fine dresses and gold necklaces and shell combs, and she wanted to go away from home and work and procure such things, which seemed so very pleasing to her childish eyes. Her judicious mother urged her to remain, and obtain an education, but she was anxious to go, and her father, who worked in the mill, consented, and came home one time, and said that he had found her a place to work. Her mother wept as she parted with her, but she said:

"Well, Elizabeth, you will go, and your father is willing, and I can only give you into God's hands, and pray for you."

She went to the factory, and entered a boarding-house, where there were one hundred and ten girls, with hardly a Christian among them. They were giddy, wild, and gay, and she heard there what she never had before, oaths and curses from the lips of women.

Elizabeth was a great reader, and having exhausted her stock of novels and romances, she one night went into the adjacent room, occupied by a Methodist girl, to get something to read. The girl loaned her a tract, "Serious Thoughts on Eternity." She read it through in a few minutes, and went to bed. It fastened on her mind, and she got up again and read it over. There was no slumber for her that night, and from that time for three weeks she could hardly eat or sleep. She felt herself the chief of sinners, and knew not the way of escape. She had as a room-mate a backslider, and she once asked her if she would pray with her, if she would kneel down by her side. She reluctantly promised that she would, but before she reached their room the room-mate was in bed, and she was left to struggle with her convictions alone.

Elizabeth was in great distress, and thought that she must have salvation or die. She waited in agony until ten o'clock, when they came to take the lights away from the rooms, she still sat trembling in her chair, in agony of soul, and at length fell on her knees in the darkness and prayed:

"Oh God, if there is a God, either take me out of the world, or give me what the Christian has, to take away the fear of death!"

While on her knees there came to her mind a revelation of the justice of God, and the depth of her own guilt, manifested to her as the S... of whom she was chief. ... save her, and sprang to h... darkness confessed her faith... ing the Lord for his love and m... Her Methodist friend in the next r... aroused, and hurried into the room, hus... her, and saying:

"You will wake them all up!"

"I want to wake the whole world up!" was the reply.

Her voice rang through the house; the girls came crowding in and filled the room, packing themselves closely about her, weeping with a consciousness of their sins; and the night was spent in praising the Lord for his mercy, and pointing weary, burdened sinners to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."

She went into the mill next day, and it seemed on the way as if she wanted to kiss every blade of grass that grew, because her God had made it. The day was one of joy and gladness, and rest and peace, and on returning to her room at night she found two or three girls already there, kneeling and crying to God. Others came in and filled the room. Night after night they prayed and wept together, until between thirty and forty souls found peace in that room, without any of them attending a single meeting.

The place had been terribly hard and cold. It was a newly-built village, and the religious interest was low. A feeble Methodist Church struggled alone under the guidance of a formal preacher, and such a thing as a revival had not occurred there since the village was built.

About this time a minister in New Hampshire, who knew nothing of these circumstances, had an impression upon his mind, "You must go to Great Falls." He sought in prayer to be released from this impression but it continued. He was unwilling to go there, wickedness abounded, there was little to attract him, it was a hard and Godless field; and he prayed the Lord to excuse him from this service. But all was in vain, he must go to Great Falls and preach the Gospel. Shortly after he attended the annual Conference, when the Bishop assigned the preachers their stations for the year. As the Bishop was calling the roll, and announcing the appointments, he mentioned George S——, naming the place to which he was assigned. Instantly he arose and said:

"Not so, Bishop, the Lord says I must go to Great Falls this year!"

"What God has made known to you I dare not contradict," said the Bishop; "Go."

And so he was assigned to that station. He came there, a tall, spare, vigorous, athletic man, in the prime of life, and, with great power, bore witness to the Gospel of Christ, preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. His great plainness of speech offended many, but their complaints made little impression upon him, and to those who desired him to soften his words and smooth his tongue, he replied:

"I was not sent here by the Bishop, but by the Lord, and I shall preach to please the Lord, if I preach to bare walls."

There was little likelihood of his preaching to bare walls. The congregation filled the church and crowded it. The young converts from the boarding-house came to hear and rejoice in the good Word of Life. The house of prayer became a Bochim—a place of weeping—sobs and cries were heard throughout the congregation. Scores were converted. The place was too strait for the people, and an overflow meeting was held in the vestry, which was also crowded. The next year two ministers were sent instead of one, converts were multiplied, and the field of labor grew large, other churches were organized, and houses of worship erected, and though many years have passed since then, the memories of those wonderful meetings do not fade from the minds of those who participated in them. Seed was sown for an immortal harvest and much people were added to the Lord.

A few days since we saw Elizabeth, now a grey-haired grandmother, and heard her tell this story of her conversion, and the great revival which followed. And we remembered a day in the summer of 1879, when we stood by the dying bed of that preacher, an old man of four-score and three years, who had lived through a long life of struggle, conflict, and testimony, by no means free from errors and mistakes, but who had ever held steadfastly the faith of

…came to his grave, in peace … sheaf of corn fully ripe, … harvest of immortality. … to record this story as a … grace of God, and the … ministrations of the late … Storrs, of Brooklyn, New York.—*Common People.*

THE SIGNED AGREEMENT.

I was driving over our rugged hills in a desponding state of mind some time ago, when a man aroused me from my gloomy thoughts by calling out, "Will yer honor give me a lift? I've walked nigh on to twenty miles, and have got eight more afore I get home."

Looking him squarely in the face, and finding him of an open and ingenious countenance, I said, "By all means, my good man, come up into the trap," at the same time inwardly praying I might be able to drop a word by the wayside that should result in his blessing."

"You are a stranger in these parts?" said I. "What brings you over the hills in this weather?" for the wind was bitterly cold.

"I'm going to change houses, or I want to, and as the landlord of the house I want to take lives at H——, I and my missus thought I had better see to it at once, and get the 'greement paper signed, as there's only a fortnight to Christmas."

"So you believe in making things as sure as you can?" said I.

"Well, yes; you see, sir, we had agreed by word o' mouth, but I thought he might run word afore Lady Day, but 'tis all right now 'tis signed to," said he with evident satisfaction.

"What about that other house you have had notice to quit?" I asked.

"Other house?" said the man, with great astonishment. "I don't rent more than one; leastways, I don't live in more than one."

"Oh yes you do," I said. "You live in two houses. One made of bricks and mortar, the other of flesh and blood—your body. Where are you going when you leave that? Have you a building of God, eternal in the heavens?"

"I'm afraid I have not," said he, "that's just what I want, but I'm afraid 'tis too late."

"No," said I, "it is not, I can assure you it is just the right time, for now is the accepted time, the day of salvation. But why do you think it is too late?" I asked.

"Why, sir," he replied, "it was nigh on to eighteen years ago any one spoke to me as you have on the subject, and then my mother lay dying, and she made me promise I would turn to God and meet her in heaven. I promised her but I've never kept it, and I'm afraid 'tis too late," and he seemed deeply moved.

"No," said I, "it's not too late, for 'to-day if ye will hear his voice,' is God's word, and God desires your salvation, and has made every preparation for it, and nothing remains but for you to accept it."

"I wish I could be sure of it," he said.

"How are you sure you are going to live in the new house?" I asked.

"Why, 'tis signed to," said the man, wondering at my apparent ignorance.

"Who signed to it?" I again asked.

"Why, the both of us; leastways I put my mark, as I can't write very well," he replied.

"The landlord agreed to let the house under certain conditions, and signed to it. Was that it?" I asked.

"Yes sir."

"Did his signing make you a tenant?"

"No. I had to sign as well," he replied.

"Just so," said I. "God has agreed to give everlasting life, to certain individuals, because of certain conditions having been fulfilled by His Son, and has signed to it, by raising Him from the dead—for He was 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification,' and he has further given proof of His willingness and power by sending the Holy Ghost to convince us of the truth. Now just as your agreement required your signature to put you into possession, so God's agreement requires your signature to give you the benefit, for 'he that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true;' in other words, he that believeth what God says accepts the gift of salvation, 'hath everlasting life.'"

"Is it like that?" said the astonished man, "then by God's help I'll sign to it now?"

And as we drove along the country lane he lifted his eyes to heaven, as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and said aloud, "O God, I do accept Thy blessed Son as my Saviour. I will sign the 'greement. Thou hast promised to give everlasting life to those who believe. I do believe, praise God!" and turning to me he said, "Oh, sir, I never felt so happy in my life. I shall have good news to tell my wife to-night."

I got him to repeat several texts of Scripture ere I parted from him (as he could not read), which he learnt, and on leaving he grasped my hand with both his, saying,

"God bless you, sir, I shall have to thank God to all eternity for my ride in this trap. Believe me, sir, when I put my foot on the step of your trap I felt as I had never felt for eighteen years before. I thought to myself, 'That man's a Christian—like my mother.' My first step on your trap was my first step toward heaven, and if we never meet on earth we shall meet there, sir. And now, sir, I've no fear whenever the notice to quit comes to me"—striking his breast—"I have a better house sure and certain above, for 'tis signed to."

I have never met him since, but I believe I shall meet him in heaven. I need scarcely say I returned that day to the "plants and hedges" with a joy somewhat akin to the "joy among the angels," feeling that, though but a simple conversation, God could, and did, use it to his glory. Many such souls are to be found all round us; they are just waiting to be spoken with, and pointed to Jesus. If the "potters" but dwell "with the King," will He not give them the right thing to do at the right time? Infinitely better for us to be satisfied to do "the next thing" God gives us than to be deploring our inability to do the thing He sees fit to appoint to our neighbor.

"She hath done what she could" is a memorial that no language can possibly excel, and the opportunity of gaining such a reward lies within the reach of every one of the King's servants. May the Lord help us to "go and do likewise," for

In this "little while" doth it matter,
As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
If we're filling the place He assigns us,
Be its service small or great?
There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do.

—*W. J. H. Brealey, in Word and Work.*

PATCH.

"Here comes Rags and Patch. Holloa, rag-man, here's a bargain for you," and the scholars just set free from study hours clustered around a little boy, whose coat was patch upon patch, and a girl whose thin pink calico dress did not keep out the keen March wind.

Dick and Celia Bennett were the children of a man who had set out in life with bright hopes, and for a time he bravely ran his race, but, oh, his love of drink had dimmed all those hopes, made weak the strong arm, and blurred his moral senses. Now, the sunny, cosy home was gone; the father did *little but drink and doze*; the mother, by washing, barely kept a shelter over their heads, while Dick and Celia often went hungry as well as ragged.

"Arn't they handsome, though? Mabel Rand, don't you want the pattern of that hood?" said Roy Gordon, a boy of twelve.

"Wouldn't they make "illigant" scarecrows to keep the birds away from Pat Flynn's cherry trees and raspberry bushes? Let's tell the old man to engage them for the season," said another.

The group of well-dressed little girls should have been pitiful toward the shy Celia who stood shivering and cowering in their midst, but they, sad to say, helped to tease and torture the children.

"I think they are almost a disgrace to our school. Mother says we ought to be very careful about our playmates," said a haughty little miss.

"Suppose we see what this coat is, or rather was, made of at first," said Roy Gordon, and he thrust his fingers into a rent and coolly tore of one of the patches.

"Oh, please don't do that. Mother sat up late last night to wash and mend Dick's coat," sobbed little Celia.

"Hadn't you better inquire where your most honorable daddy is, and what his occupation is at the present time?" sneered Roy Gordon. At this Dick ceased his sobbing, stood up straight, and looked directly at Roy and Mabel.

"Yes, Roy, perhaps I had better go to your father and ask him where mine is. If he doesn't know I'm sure Mabel can tell me. Many nights have Celia and I gone at midnight to bring him home, for, wretched and poor as he is, our mother loves him yet and sent us to guide him home. We usually go to Mr. Gordon's first. If not there, we always find him at Mr. Rand's. It isn't always easy for me to love my father, 'cause he drinks so hard and lets mother work so hard, but it is said, 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle unto his neighbors' lips.' Celia and I are ragged, I know, but, thank God, our clothes are not bought with blood-money. I'd rather go hungry and shabby than dress grand with money taken from poor families. My father was a gentleman. Who made him what he is? Mabel Rand *and Roy Gordon;* I'd rather be Celia and me than either of you," and Master Dick led his sister toward their poor home.

"Bravo!" cried the crowd that had collected, and the well-dressed children were glad to leave the place. When Dick got home his anger was gone. He laid his head on his mother's lap and told his story. *Little comfort could the poor woman give.* Her poor husband was so weak, and temptations everywhere. Many homes, once happy and blest, are now as desolate as Celia's and Dick's. Shall we not all try to spare the feelings of the drunkard's poor, suffering children; make their woes lighter, if we can?—*Selected.*

FRUITFUL LABOR.

Not quite a year ago one of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society was selling his books in the outskirts of the city of Buenos Ayres—not in those parts where the wealthy have their villas, but where the laborer raises vegetables for the market, and where some who are unable to pay city rents find shelter in their own huts. Having sold a Bible in one of those humble homes, the colporteur asked permission to pray. While thus engaged the child of a neighbor, to whom such a scene was quite extraordinary, stood at the door, and no sooner had he concluded than she ran home and told what she had seen. Her father had formerly occupied the post of constable, but the defeat of his political party in the revolution of 1880 threw him out of employment. Three years of inactivity had reduced him to the greatest extremity. All human aid having failed him, it occurred to him on hearing the report of his little daughter, to seek help of God, and he sent the child to call the colporteur there. On entering the house, the colporteur was told that he had been sent for to pray, to see if God would not help them out of their difficulties. After prayer and some good counsel, in which he urged the man to pray himself, the colporteur withdrew. The unusual circumstance made a deep impression on his mind, and it was not long before he found his way back. The interest spread, and several of the neighbors bought books. Repeated visits fanned the flames till a prayer-meeting was established, which has resulted in the conversion of eight persons, some of whom give good evidence of the genuineness of their profession by their change of life.

The man who asked prayers in order that he might be relieved from temporal distress, first found spiritual comfort and afterward temporal aid. For some three months he has filled the post of sub-constable in a rising country town, where he lets his light shine on the surrounding darkness. Through him religious meetings have been commenced. On three occasions some of the Christian workers have been out from the city to assist in this work at his request. *Mich. Chris. Advocate:*

A WORD IN SEASON, HOW GOOD IT IS.

BY MRS. BELL V. CHISHOLM.

"For it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after death the judgment."

It was *but a small thing, this repeating of* a single verse among a score of others, but to shy Bessy Hildreth it was a real cross. She had just come out on the Lord's side, and only the fear of denying her Master could have given her courage to open her lips in the little Sunday evening prayer-meeting. Frightened at her own trembling tones, she shrank closer into the dark corner where she sat, and wished, oh, so fervently, that she had not attempted to speak at all. Had she not been trying to still the wild beating of her own heart, she would have noticed the startled look that came into a pair of dark eyes just opposite her. Ah, poor little, timid Bessy, could you have known that it was this very tremor in your voice that fastened the attention of careless Duncan Forbes on the solemn words you uttered, you would not have longed to recall them, or to have vainly wished them unsaid.

Poor, light-hearted Duncan had been familiar with the text from childhood, and had it not been for the quivering lips that repeated the words to-night, it would have been unheeded, as were the thirty other verses that had been spoken in his hearing. Hymns were sung, and fervent prayers ascended to heaven, before the meeting closed, but Duncan heard nothing, except the terrifying words, "After death, the judgment." In the silence of his own chamber, the verse still rang in his ears, and when he courted sleep, visions of the great white throne passed vividly before him. The morning light brought no sweet peace, neither did the business of the day dispel the gloom that had settled upon his spirits. He read his Bible, and tried to pray, but twenty-one years of sin and folly passed in solemn review before him, appalling him with their magnitude, and utterly choking the petitions already formed in his heart.

Almost in despair, he slipped quietly into the prayer-meeting the next Sunday evening, and before its close he startled the little praying band by requesting them to intercede for him at the Throne of Grace. He stated what had caused his awakening, and humbly asked for aid and direction. Before the close of that memorable meeting he had found rest to his soul. With the love of Jesus fresh in his heart he persuaded others, his dear companions and friends, to seek the one thing needful. Soon souls were anxiously inquiring the way heavenward, and a precious revival, such as the village of Melville had never enjoyed, followed, and in the end, more than sixty new converts dated their new life to Bessy Hildreth's faithful performance of duty. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper."—*S. S. Times.*

Question Corner.—No. 6.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER.

This commander was distinguished in several ways. First by his age. He was eighty years old before his chief battles began. Next, by his exploits. By a succession of these he almost destroyed one nation and organized another. Thirdly, by his weapons. His only visible instrument in achieving these victories was a piece of wood. Fourthly, by his mistakes. Before he was asked, he wanted to run; when he was asked he could scarcely be persuaded to move. Lastly, by his disinterestedness. He willingly gave place to a successor who, in one most important respect, was to do more than himself. Give the name of this commander; and justify all that is said of him here.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A village near Jerusalem, often visited by our Saviour.
2. The name of a bold and dauntless prophet.
3. That period when Solomon admonishes all to remember their Creator.
4. The place where a king sought the assistance of a witch.
5. The name of a coppersmith mentioned in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy.
6. One of the sons of Methuselah.
7. An exceedingly strong man mentioned in the Old Testament.
8. The Israelitish king who besieged Tirzah.
9. An ancient city of Italy.
10. A young man who was restored to life by the apostle Paul.
11. The name of a cave where David hid himself from Saul.
12. The king who caused Daniel to be put into a den of lions.
13. One of the numerous articles that Solomon brought from Egypt.

The initials constitute a call to duty.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 4.

1. Sheba. 2 Sam. 20. 21, 22.
2. Jonathan and Ahimaaz. 2 Sam 17. 17, 21.
3. In Troas. Acts 16 8. 9
4. In Ephesus. Acts 19. 23. 27.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Laodicea, Achan, Korah, Eli, Olives, Felix Goshen, Abel, Lazarus, Ishmaelites, Levites, Eden, Egypt.—LAKE OF GALILEE.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, George Garbutt and Lillie A. Greene.

(Continued from first page.)

been itself a sand bank washed by the waters of a river or sea. He examined the cliffs along the shore formed of thin layers of different kinds of stone, and in each layer teeming with fossils, as in the leaves of a printed book, he could read the history of its own formation.

Another remarkable trait in the character of this man was his steady refusal to touch anything that would intoxicate. Bad as are the drinking customs of to-day they were infinitely worse then. A total abstainer was something extremely rare among the masons, says Mr. Miller, "when a foundation was laid the workmen were treated to drink; they were treated to drink when the walls were levelled for laying the joists; they were treated to drink when the building was finished; they were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad; treated to *drink* when his '*apron* was washed;' treated to drink when 'his time was out;' and occasionally they learned to treat one another to drink." But one day when he had been thus treated he came home and took up his books as usual; but something was wrong. "As I opened the pages of a favorite author," he says, "the letters danced before my eyes, and I could no longer master the sense..... The condition to which I had brought myself was one of degradation. I had sunk by my own act for the time to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed, and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I, in that hour, determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual employment to a drinking usage; and with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination."

For seventeen years he worked as a stone mason doing faithfully whatever he undertook, and in his leisure hours gathering facts and making discoveries which he afterwards gave to the world in "The Old Red Sandstone." His first published work was "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason," issued in 1829. This procured him considerable notice, but in spite of this he believed he saw that he could never be a poet, and so turned his attention resolutely to prose. His first prose volume was "Scenes and Legends in Cromarty," published in 1835. Some time before this he married Miss Lydia Fraser, "a young lady of great personal attraction, and rare intellectual gifts."

But Mr. Miller was not to remain a stone mason all his life. A branch of the Commercial Bank was established in Cromarty, and the manager knowing his stirling integrity of character offered him the position of accountant. He knew nothing of the work but, yielding to strong urging, he went to the head bank at Edinburgh to learn it, and then took the position. Shortly after this some letters of his on the Scotch Church Controversy brought him into still further prominence and he was invited to Edinburgh to edit the *Witness* newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party, and in this work he continued until the day of his death in 1856.

During the following seventeen years of his life in Edinburgh his principal literary work was done. Here along with his work of editing he produced "First impressions of England and its people," "My schools and schoolmasters," "The Footprints of the Creator," "The Testimony of the rocks," and "The Old Red Sandstone." He possessed the warm friendship of many of the leading geologists of the day. Murchison, Agassiz, Lyell, all bore testimony to the value of his researches in the world of geology, and at the meeting of the British Association in 1840 it was resolved that one of the most remarkable of the fossils which he had discovered should be named for him.

But these years of unremitting toil and exhausting brain labor began to tell upon his health, and his mind began to give way. He became unable to sleep, strange, horrid fancies filled his brain, fits of delirium came upon him, and in one of these, with a pistol shot, he took his own life; a sad warning to all who may be tempted to put too great a strain upon the powers of either mind or body.

Great as Hugh Miller was in science he was still greater as a man. Honest, earnest, industrious, high-minded, God-fearing, he, by his own unaided efforts, raised himself from humble station to a position of trust and high influence among his fellow men, and Scotland has few sons of whom she has better reason to be proud than "the stone mason of Cromarty."

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From International Question Book.)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 29

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.—Acts 20:24.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 20:1-38.
T. Acts 21:1-40.
W. Acts 22:1-30.
Th. Acts 23:1-35.
F. Acts 24:1-27.
Sa. Acts 25:1-27.
Su Acts 26:1-32.

QUESTIONS.

I. TIME.—At what date do the lessons of this quarter begin? Over how many years do they extend? How old was Paul at this time? How many years had the Gospel now been preached?

II. TERRITORY.—In what countries had the Gospel gained a foothold? Name some of the principal cities where there were churches?

III. PERSONS.—Name the leading Christians who are connected with Paul during this quarter? With what other persons did he come in contact?

IV. MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.—How many great missionary journeys had Paul made? *How long was he gone on each of them?* Trace them out on the map.

V. THE RETURN OF THE MISSIONARY.—On which of the three journeys do we find Paul at the beginning of this quarter? *How long had* he been on it? Where had he spent most of his time? Where do we find him in our first lesson? Trace on the map his journey from Corinth, and give the leading dates? At what time did he arrive at Jerusalem?

VI. EVENTS.—What took place at Troas? What did Paul do at Miletus? What warning did he receive at Tyre? What at Cesarea? What occurred at Jerusalem? What plot was laid against Paul? How did he escape? Where? How long and in what circumstances was he at Cesarea?

VII. PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS CONVERSION.—How many times does Paul relate the story of his conversion? Give a brief account of his life. What lessons can you learn from this story?

VIII. PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS MINISTRY.—At what place did Paul give an account of his way of preaching the Gospel? Before whom? *What do you learn from this of Paul's spirit?* Of his earnestness? His faithfulness? His hopes? His unselfishness? What were the chief subjects on which he preached? Why did the Jews persecute Paul so fiercely?

IX. LESSONS.—What are some of the chief practical lessons you learn from Paul's life and work? From Felix? From Festus? From Agrippa?

LESSON I.—APRIL 5.

PAUL'S VOYAGE.—ACTS 27:1, 2, 14-26.

COMMIT VERSES 22-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—Acts 27:25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God able to support in time of trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27:1-26.
T. Gen. 7:11-24; 8:1-11.
W. Ex. 14:13-31.
Th. Isa. 23:1-14.
F. Jonah, chapters 1 and 2.
Sa. 2 Cor 11:21-33.
Su. Luke 8:22-40.

INTRODUCTION.—We left Paul, at the end of Lesson XII, first quarter, pronounced by Agrippa II, after a prolonged hearing, to be innocent, so that he might properly be discharged had he not appealed to Cæsar. In view of the appeal, however, he must be sent to Rome. After a short interval (supposed to have been about three weeks) spent in preparing for the journey and in waiting for the ship, Paul, with other prisoners, began the voyage to Italy, under military guard. This lesson takes the matter up at this point.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. JULIUS—nothing is certainly known of him except from chaps. 27, 28. CENTURION—commander of a hundred. AUGUSTUS' BAND—rather, "Augustian band"; of Roman soldiers. 2. ADRAMYTTIUM—a port of Asia Minor near the head of the Ægean Sea. They took this ship expecting that at some port it touched they would find a vessel going to Italy. ARISTARCHUS—see chap. 19:29; 20:4. He and Luke (we) voluntarily accompanied Paul. 14. THERE AROSE AGAINST IT—rather, "there beat down from it," i.e., from (over) the island (Crete). EUROCLYDON — rather, "Euraquilo," which means an east north-east wind. 15. BEAR UP INTO—rather, "face." WE LET HER DRIVE—rather, "we gave way to it (the wind), and were driven." 16. CLAUDA—a small island a little south of Crete. TO COME BY THE BOAT—i.e., to get on board the ship the boat towed astern (Luke 8:23). 17. USED HELPS, ETC.—cables bound around the middle of the ship to strengthen it from going to pieces. THE QUICKSANDS—"the Syrtis"—sandy shoals called by that name south-west of them on the north coast of Africa, and much dreaded by mariners; the wind was blowing them directly toward it. STRAKE SAIL—rather, "lowered the gear"; i.e., the greater yard and larger rigging. They probably also set a storm sail by the help of which they could steer the vessel as nearly toward the wind as possible. SO WERE DRIVEN—they would drift under the circumstances a little north of west, at the rate of about one and one-half miles an hour; just about such speed as to reach the island of Malta (chap. 28:1) in fourteen days (v. 27). 18. LIGHTENED THE SHIP—of the cargo they could reach, the deck load. 19. TACKLING OF THE SHIP—i.e., its apparatus or furniture—probably such things as chests, utensils, etc. 20. WHEN NEITHER SUN NOR STARS, ETC., the compass was not then in use; so that in stormy weather they could not tell directions, or know where they were. 21. LONG ABSTINENCE—they were too anxious and continuously occupied to eat regular meals (v. 33). AND NOT HAVE LOOSED, ETC.—see vs. 10-13. 22. THERE SHALL BE NO LOSS, ETC.,—this and the following information the angel (v. 23) had imparted. 23. FOR THERE STOOD, ETC.—a real occurrence, not a vision. 24. BROUGHT BEFORE CESAR—it was God's purpose that Paul should testify at Rome (chap. 23:11; Rom. 1:15). GOD HATH GIVEN THEE, ETC.—in answer to Paul's prayers, all were to escape the storm.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How did Paul come to be a prisoner at Cesarea? Why was he to be sent to Rome? Was this what he desired? (Acts 23:11; Rom. 1:15.) What circumstances would *tend to make them treat Paul kindly?* (Acts 28:30-32.)

SUBJECT: GOD OUR HELP IN TROUBLE.

I. THE VOYAGE (vs. 1, 2).—In what way was Paul to be sent to Rome? Who went with him? How do we know that Luke was one of his companions? In whose charge were the prisoners placed? In what ship did they begin their voyage? How near Italy would this take them? In which direction did they go? Within sight of what countries familiar to Paul? *Trace out the voyage on the map.* Give some incidents in it.

II. THE STORM (vs. 14-20).—What harbor had the ship now reached? (v. 8.) What harbor was it trying to make? (v. 12.) What wind overtook it? When obliged to give way to the wind, under the shelter of what island did the ship run? (v. 16.) What three precautions were then taken? (v. 17.) Reasons for each of these? In what direction did they drift? What was done next? (v. 18.) What does this show about the condition of the ship? What was done next? (v. 19.) How long was the sky overclouded? (v. 20.) What difficulty did that occasion? What were the anticipations of those on board? How is God's power shown in the sea?

III. GOD IN THE STORM (vs. 21-26)—How long did the storm continue? (v. 27; 28:2.) Who now comforted the people on the ship? To what former advice did he refer? Why? Who had appeared to Paul? Was it in answer to prayer? How did Paul confess his religion? Did not Paul know before this that his own life would be saved? (Acts 23:11.) In what ways was Paul a blessing to those on the ship? *What gave him this power for good? How would* faith in God make them to be of good cheer?

IV. APPLICATIONS.—In what respects is trouble like a storm? Are we, like mariners, unable to save ourselves? What promises does God give us in the storm? What verse in the lesson tells us who has a right to plead these promises? How will true faith in God give us good cheer?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God's plans may be carried out in long and strange ways.

II. Discomforts and trials bring out the value of religion.

III. One good man is a blessing to many people.

IV. In every life there are storms.

V. But God has help and good cheer for those in the storm.

VI. Faith in God, as a wise, powerful, loving father, is the source of comfort.

LAYING DOWN OUR LIVES.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"Isn't it sad about poor Mrs. Brook?" said a friend to me the other day; "she is growing weaker and weaker, and the doctors say she cannot live much longer."

"But why should it be sad?" I answered. "She is a Christian, the heir to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, why should she not go joyfully home."

My friend, though a child of God herself, looked at me in surprise, as though I had spoken in an unknown tongue.

And yet—why indeed is it, that so many of us fail to meet death gladly, as "the line of shadow, across which we are to step into eternal sunshine"?

Alas, it is easy to see why we fail of this high privilege. If we neglect the laws of health we are sick, if we break the laws of our country we are punished, and can we follow at such a distance the laws of Christ, and yet hope for all the blessings of the gospel?

It is no longer necessary to lay down our lives in the arena, fighting with wild beasts, while a cruel world looks on amused, but none the less are we to lay down our lives, our selfish ease, our stubborn wills, our ambition, our vanities, for the sake of our families, our neighbors, our country, the whole human race.

All of us, thank God, know some Christians, who so live, that like Paul, they are able now to say, "I count not my life dear unto myself," and when they are ready to be offered, and the time of their is at hand, doubtless they triumphant exclamation,

S. S. Times.

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